

Halo Resurrection

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Summary: Supposedly killed off by Covenant forces, two Spartans are brought back to stop a galactic flood. Can they stop it?

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Prologue

Time: Unknown

>Location: Unknown<p>

Kurt's eyes opened grudgingly. No, impossible, he thought, how could i be alive? He had been vaporized when he had detonated a tactical nuke on the planet Onyx. The thought of Onyx provoked a series of other thoughts to enter his mind. Were his Spartans alive? Yes, they were alive, he had seen them enter the portal; they had to be alive.

He banished the thoughts from his mind and looked at his surroundings; he stood in the direct center of a wall of fog that was twenty meters in circumference. The ground below his feet could hardly even be seen as it was covered by the same thick fog, which was odd because he could see the hemisphere of fog several meters away, but he couldn't see past the fog that was on the ground. It was all very interesting.

"What am i supposed to do?" Kurt wondered aloud.

He looked down at his hands and was surprised to see he was encased in MJOLNIR armor. What was he doing in MJOLNIR armor, none of this made any sense whatsoever! He pressed his gauntlets to his head and felt no helmet; once again things seemed to be out of sorts. They made no sense.

"What's going on?" Kurt yelled aloud in frustration. He could hear his voice echoing in every direction.

Then, the clouds in front of him swept apart and revealed a silver-gray colored structure, more of a platform with a throne that sat upon it. The whole structure pulsated some sort of blue light; something about it seemed familiar to Kurt. On the throne sat an alien life form that was encased in gray, pulsing armor.

"My child, what frustrates you so?" it asked in a calm, soothing voice. The voice made Kurt assume it was male.

"None of this makes sense," muttered Kurt.

"Ah, reclaimer, all will come into focus," he said reassuringly.

Kurt looked intently at the alien. "Reclaimer, what does that mean?"

"The chosen," he said.

Kurt's brow scrunched up in confusion. "Chosen..." he muttered. "Doesn't matter, and although I am curious, there is another more pressing matter." He paused. "What am i doing here?"

"Kurt, you are the chosen one, and I could not allow the covenant to steal your soul" he sighed.

"You know my name?"

"I know so much about you Kurt. I watch over this galaxy, I was appointed by the council to keep this galaxy in order when the rest had passed on. I am the Overwatch."

"The Overwatch..." said Kurt aloud. A flood of questions filled his brain. "What is my purpose here?"

"My child, Kurt, Reclaimer. You have many names to you, but you are chosen for a task that could save your people, and so many others from utter destruction and endless damnation." He looked at Kurt with a sense of foresight. "There is a flood coming child, one that could quite literally destroy the entire galaxy. You must stop it."

"A flood? what sort of flood?" Kurt asked with a worry filled voice.

"That," said the Overwatch, "you must find out for yourself. I suggest, reclaimer, that you find the other Spartans in your team once you are released from this..." he searched for the right words, "haven. Find them, and they will assist you in your task. The galaxy depends on it."

"This is too much to swallow," Kurt said, his head swimming. Find his teammates? Save the galaxy from a flood? How was this possible, he was dead! "Besides, how can i save the galaxy if i'm dead?" Kurt asked incredulously.

The alien pressed a button on his throne and chuckled. Was it a chuckle? He swept away those petty thoughts and paid attention to the time being once again.

"Dead? No. You are not dead, as I told you earlier I could not allow

the Covenant to steal your soul. So I transported you to the this haven before your nuclear bomb could destroy you," said he.

Kurt put his gloved fingers to his temples. Not dead? But he had detonated the HAVOK tactical nuke.

"What do you—" Kurt began but the Overwatch stopped him with a wave of a hand.

"Never mind that Kurt, the time has come for you to leave."

"Leave? To where?"

"To Onyx my child, for that is where your journey begins. Deactivate the instillation there."

"Instillation?" asked Kurt.

"You will know it when you see it my son." He paused in thought.
"But, before you leave, I have a surprise for you."

Kurt just raised his eyebrows and cocked his neck.

One small section of the platform opened up and a figure began to rise. The figure was just over two meters tall, by the look of it a male, and strong. Fog poured over him, making it hard to see him. The fog cleared just enough to see he was dressed in something colored olive green.

"Behold reclaimer, another of your kind!" exclaimed the Overwatch excitedly.

"Kurt," said the man. His voice was so oddly familiar, one from the far distant past, from his early childhood.

The man stepped out of the fog and revealed himself to Kurt. He wore MJOLNIR mark V armor, just the same as Kurt was wearing. His face was welcoming, with a bright grin. His hair was very dark. Kurt knew the face, one from his early childhood, an old friend who had died in the year 2525, the very first Spartan to die in the war against the Covenant.

"Sam..." Kurt said aloud, utterly amazed. "But John and Kelly saw you die!"

Sam snorted, pulling his hands from behind his back, revealing two MJOLNIR mark V helmets. He handed one to Kurt. "Those Covies couldn't take me down," he laughed.

Kurt put on his helmet and sealed it. Sam did the same. It felt good to be secured back in his MJOLNIR armor, he felt safe from everything.

"It's been too long Sam. Much too long. But if you don't mind my asking, how are you even alive?"

Sam smiled and opened his mouth. But another voice spoke instead, the Overwatch's. "I would not allow him to die reclaimer. He means too much to this mission."

"But that was twenty five years ago? How could you have known that this would happen?" Kurt screamed.

"As I have said Spartan, I know much about this galaxy. I have seen both of your futures," the Overwatch stated. "But I have already wasted enough time as it is. It is time to send you to the micro dyson sphere that is Onyx."

"When do we leave?" asked Kurt.

The Overwatch stood upon his strond legs and walked up to the front of the two Spartans. He was much taller than the two humans, nearly three meters tall, and he was a bit more imposing than Kurt had originally taken him for. He crouched down to the Spartans' heights.

"Now," he said simply. He reached his enormous index fingers at the Spartans' heads.

"Wait!" said Kurt. "Before we leave, i must know what you are."

The Overwatch's coked his head and gave a laugh. "Have you not already guessed reclaimer?" he asked. "I am Forerunner."

With that the Overwatch tapped the index finger of his enormous hand, one that could encase an entire melon, against the helmets of the two Spartans and they disappeared in strobes of golden light.

End
file.